

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE. A

*Comedie, as it was sundrie times acted by her
Maiesties children at the Blacke-
Friars,*

By George Chapman.



LONDON

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his Shop in *Saint Dunstons Church-yard* in
Fleet-street, 1606.

MONSIEUR

DOLIVE

A

Grandes et belles lettres de
Monsieur Dolive et de
Paris

Par M. de la Roche

Imprimé par
M. de la Roche

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MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Scæna Prima.

*VANDOME with seruants and saylors laden,
VAVMONT, another way walking.*

Vand.

CONuey your carriage to my brother in Lawes,
Th' Earle of Saint *Anne*, to whome and to my Sister,
Commend my humble seruice, tell them both
Of my arriual, and intent attend them:
When in my way, I haue performd fit duties,
To Count *Vaumont*, and his most honoured Countesse.
Ser. We will Syr, this way, follow honest Saylors.

Exeunt Seruants.

Vand. Our first obseruance, after any absence
Must be presented euer to our Mistresse:
As at our parting she should still be last,
Hinc Amor ut circulus, from hence tis said
That loue is like a circle, being th' efficient
And end of all our actions, which excited
By no worse object then my matchlesse mistresse
Were worthy to employ vs to that likenesse;
And be the onely Ring our powers should beate,
Noble she is by birth, made good by vertue,
Exceeding faire, and her behauiour to it,
Is like a singular Musitian
To a sweete Instrument, or else as doctrine
Is to the soule, that puts it into Act,

A 2

And

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And prints it full of admirable formes
 Without which twere an emptie, idle flame
 Her eminent iudgement to dispose these parts,
 Sits on her browe and holds a silver Scepter,
 with which she keepe time to the severall musiques,
 Plac't in the sacred consort of her beauties:
 Loues compleat armorie is manag'd in her.
 To stirre affection, and the discipline
 To checke and to affright it from attempting
 Any attaine might disproportion her,
 Or make her graces lesse then circular
 Yet her even carriage, is as farre from coynesse
 As from Immodestie, in play, in dancing,
 In suffering court: ship: in requiting kindnesse.
 In vse of places, houres, and companies
 Free as the Sunne, and nothing more corrupted,
 As circumspect as *Cynthia*, in her vowes,
 And constant as the Center to obserue them,
 Ruthfull, and bountious neuer fierce nor dull,
 In all her courses euer at the full.
 These three yeares, I haue trauaile, and so long
 Haue beene in trauaile with her dearest sight,
 Which now shall beautifie the enamour'd light.
 This is her house, what the gates shut and cleere
 Of all attendants? Why, the house was wout
 To hold the vsuall concourse of a Court,
 And see, me thinks through the encourtaind windowes
 (In this high time of day) I see light Tapers,
 This is exceeding strange. Behold the Earle
 Walking in as strange sort before the dore,
 Ile know this wonder sure: My honoured Lord?

Van. Keepe of Sir and beware whom you embrace,

Van. Why flies your Lordship backe?

Van. You should be sure

To knowe a man your friend ere you embract him.

Van. I hope my knowledge cannot be more sure
 Then of your Lordships friendship.

Van.

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Vau. No mans knowledge
Can make him sure of any thing without him,
Or not within his power to keepe, or order.

Vand. I comprehend not this, and wonder much
To see my most lou'd Lord so much estrang'd.

Vau. The truth is, I haue done your knowne deserts
More wrong, then with your right should let you greet me
And in your absence, which makes worse the wrong,
And in your honour, which still makes it worse.

Vand. If this be all my Lord, the discontent
You seeme to entertaine, is meerly causlesse:
Your free confession, and the manner of it,
Doth liberally excuse what wrong foeuer,
Your mis-conceit could make you lay on me,
And therefore, good my Lord discover it,
That we may take the spleene and corsey from it.

Vau. Then heare a strange report and reason, why
I did you this repented iniurie,
You know my wife is by the rights of courtship,
Your chosen Mistresse, and she not disposed
(As other Ladies are) to entertaine
Peculiar termes, with common acts of kindnesse:
But (knowing in her, more then womens iudgement,
That she should nothing wrong her husbands right,
To vse a friend onely for vertue, chosen
With all the rights of friendship) tooke such care
After the solemne parting to your trauaile,
And spake of you with such exceeding passion,
That I grew ialous, and with rage excepted
Against her kindnesse, vtterly forgetting
I should haue waied so rare a womans words,
As duties of a free and friendly iustice:
Not as the head-strong and incontinent vapors
Of other Ladies bloods, enflamed with lust,
Wherein I iniured both your innocencies,
Which I approue, not out of flexible dotage,

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By any cunning flatteries of my wife,
 But in impartiall equitie, made apparant
 Both by mine owne well-waid comparifon
 Of all her other manifest perfections,
 With this one onely doubtfull leuitie,
 And likewise by her violent apprehension
 Of her deepe wrong and yours, for she hath vowde,
 Neuer to let the common Pandresse light,
 (Or any doome as vulgar) censure her
 In any action she leaues subiect to them,
 Neuer to fit the day with her attire,
 Nor grace it with her presence; Nourish in it,
 (Vnlesse with sleepe) nor stir out of her chamber:
 And so hath muffled and mewd vp her beauties
 In neuer-ceasing darkenesse, Neuer sleeping,
 But in the day transform'd by her to night;
 With all Sunne banisht from her smotherd graces:
 And thus my deare and most ynmached wife,
 That was a comfort and a grace to me,
 In euery iudgement, euery companie,
 I, by false Jealousie, have no lesse then lost,
 Murtherd her liuing, and emtoomd her quicke.

Vand. Conceit it not so deeply, good my Lord,
 Your wrong to me or her, was no fit ground
 To beare so waightie and resolu'd a vowe,
 From her incensed and abused vertues.

Dam. There could not be a more important cause,
 To fill her with a ceaselesse hate of light,
 To see it grace growe lightnesse with full beames,
 And frowne on continence with her oblique glances,
 As nothing equalls, right to vertue done,
 So is her wrong past all comparifon.

Vand. Vertue is not malicious, wrong done her
 Is righted euer when men grant they Erre,
 But doth my princely mistresse so contemne
 The glorie of her beauties, and the applause

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Given to the worth of her societie,
To let a voluntarie vowe obscure them;

Van. See all her windowes, and her doores made fast,
And in her Chamber lights for night enflam'd,
Now others rise, she takes her to her bed.

Van. This newes is strange, heaven grant I be encoun-
With better tydings of my other friends, (terd
Let me be bold my Lord t'enquire the state
Of my deare sister, in whose selfe and me,
Survives the whole hope of our familie,
Together with her deare and princely husband
Th' Earle of Saint Anne.

Van. Vnhappie that I am,
I would to heaven your most welcome steppes
Had brought you first vpon some other friend,
To be the sad Relator of the changes
Chanc't your three yeares most lamented absence,
Your worthy sister, worthier farre of heaven
Then this vnworthy hell of passionate Earth,
Is taken vp amongst her fellow Starres.

Van. Vnhappie man that euer I returnd
And perisht not ere these newes pierst mine eares.

Van. Nay be not you that teach men comfort, griev'd;
I know your iudgement will set willing shoulders
To the knowne burthens of necessitie:
And teach your wilfull brother patience,
Who strives with death, and from his caues of rest
Retaines his wiues dead Corse amongst the living,
For with the rich sweetes of restoring Balmes,
He keeps her lookes as fresh as if she liu'd,
And in his chamber (as in life attirde)
She in a Chaire sits leaning on her arme,
As if she onely slept: and at her feete
He like a mortified hermit clad,
Sits weeping out his life, as having lost
All his lifes comfort: And that she being dead

Who

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(Who was his greatest part) he must consume,
As in an Apoplexy strooke with death.
Nor can the Duke nor Duchesse comfort him,
Nor messengers with consolatory letters,
From the kinde King of France, who is allyed
To her and you. But to lift all his thoughts
Up to another world, where she expects him,
He feedes his gales with soule-exciting musicke,
Solemne and Tragicall, and so Resolues
In those sadde accents to exhale his soule.

Van. O what a second Ruthles Sea of woes
Wracks mee within my Haven, and on the Shore?
What shall I doe? mourne, mourne, with them that mourne,
And make my greater woes their lesse expell;
This day Ie consecrate to sighes and teares,
And this next Euen, which is my mistresse morning
Ie greete her, woudring at her wilfull humours,
And with rebukes, breaking out of my Loue,
And duetie to her honour, make her see
How much her too much curious vertue wrongs her.

Van. Sayd like the man the world hath ever held you,
Welcome, as new liues to vs, our good. Now
Shall wholly be ascrib'de and trust to you.

Exeunt.

Enter Rhoderique and Mugeron,

Mug. See, see, the vertuous Countesse hath bidden our
(day
Good night, her starres are now visible: when was any La-
die seene to be so constant in her vowe, and able to
forbeare the Society of men so sincerely?

Rbo. Neuer in this world, at least exceeding seldome.
What shame it is for men to see women so farre surpass
them; for when was any man knowne (out of iudgement) to
performe so staied an abstinence, from the society of women.

Mug. Neuer in this world.

Rbo.

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Rhetorique. What an excellent Creature an honest woman is? I warrant you the Countesse, and her Virgine sister, spend all their times in Contemplation, watching to see the sacred Spectacles of the night, when other Ladies lye drownd in sleepe or sensuallitie, list not to think of.

Muz. No question.

Rhetoric. Come, come, lets forget we are Courtiers, and talke like honest men, tell truth, and shame all trayalers and tradefmen: Thou beleeu'st all naturall beaunces that shewes faire, though the Painter enforced it, and sufficient to know for the honorable Lidle.

Muz. Can any heart of Adamant not yeeld in compassion to see spotlesse Innocencie suffer such bitter penitance?

Rhetoric. A very fitte stocke to grasse on: Tush man thinke what she is, thinke where she lyes, thinke on the villanous cunning of these times: Indeed did we live now in old *Sparta* time: when women had no other art, than what Nature taught em (and yet there needes little Art I wille to teach a woman to dissemble) when *Luxurie* was vnborne, at least vntaught, the art to feale from a forbidden tree: when Coaches, when Periwigges, and painting, when Maskes, and Masking: in a word when Court and Courtling was vnknowne, an easie time might then perhappes haue wrought vpon my sence as it does now on the poore Countesse and thine.

Muz. O world!

Rho. O flesh!

Muz. O Diuell!

Rho. I tell thee *Muzeron*, the Fiend is growne so great with the Diuell, as theres but a little Honesty left in the world. That, that is, is in Lawyers, they ingrosse all: S'toote what gaine the fine fine to the Courts *Resolucie*?

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Mug. What but his misconstruction of her honourable affection to *Vandome*.

Rbo. Honourable affection? first shees an ill hufwife of her honour, that puts it vpon construction; but the presumption was violent against her, no speeche but of *Vandome*, no thought but of his memorie, no myrth but in his companie, besides the free entercourse of Letters, Favours, and other entertainments, too too manifest signes that her heart went hand in hand with her tongue.

Mug. Why, was shee not his mistresse?

Rbo. I, I, a Court tearme, for I wotte what, slight *Vandome* the Stallion of the Court; her devoted Seruant, and forsoothe loues her honourable: Tush, hees a foole that beleeueth it: for my part I loue to offende in the better part still, and that is, to iudge charitable: But now forsoothe to redeeme her Honour, shee must by a laborious and violent kinde of Purgation, Rubbe off the Skinne, to wash out the spotte, Turne her Chamber to a Cell, the Sunne into a Taper, And (as if shee liu'd in another worlde amongst the *Amispedes*;) make our night her day, and our day her night, that vnder this curtaine, shee may laye his iealousie a sleepe, whiles shee turnes poore *Argus* to *Alcon*, and makes his Sheets common to her Seruant *Vandome*.

Mug. *Vandome*? Why hee was mette iⁿ the Streete but euen now, newly arriv'd after three yeares trauaile.

Rbo. Newly arriv'd? hee has bene arriv'd this twelue-month, and has euer since lyne close in his mistresse cunning darkenesse, at her seruice.

Mug. Fye a the Deuill, who will not enuie slander? O the miserable condition of her Sexe: borne to liue vnder all construction. If shee be courteous, shees thought to be wanton: if shee be kinde, shees too willing; if coye, too wilfull; if shee be modest: shees a clowne, if shee be honest, shees a foole: And so is hee.

MONSTER DOLIKE.

Enter D. Dol.

Rod. What, *Monsieur Dol*, the onely admirer of wit and good words.

D. ol. Morrowe wits, morrowe good wits: my little parcell of wit, I have Roddes in pisse for you: how doeſt Jacke, may I call thee Syr Jack yet?

Mug. You may Syr: Syrs as commendable an addition as Jacke, for ought I knowe.

D. ol. I know it Jacke, and as common too.

Rbo. Go too, you may couer: wee haue taken notice of your embroydered Beuer:

D. ol. Looke you! by Heauen that art one of the maddest bitter slaues in *Europe*, I doe but wonder how I made shifte to loue thee all this while.

Rbo. Go too what might such a parcell guilt couer be worth?

Mug. Perhappes more then the whole peece besides.

D. ol. Good yfaith, but bytter, O you madde slaues, I thinke you had *Satyres*, to your syres, yet I must loue you, I must take pleasure in you, and yfaith tell mee, how is it? liue I see you doe, but how? but how? wits?

Rbo. Faith as you see: like poore younger Brothers.

D. ol. By your wits?

Mug. Nay not turnd Poets neither.

D. ol. Good soothe: but indeede to say truth, Time was when the formes of the *Muses* had the priuiledge to liue onely by their wits, but times are altered, *Musaphes* are now calld in, & wits become a free trade for all sorts to liue by. Lawyers liue by wit and they liue worshipfully: Souldiers liue by wit, and they liue honourably: Panders liue by wit, and they liue honestlie. In a word there are fewe trades but liue by wit, onely baydes and Midwives liue by Womens labours, as Fooles and Fidlers do by making myrrh, Pages and Parasits by making legges: Paynters and Players by making

MONSEYER DOLINE.

making mouthes and faces; he doeth well wits?

Rho. Faith thou followest a figure in thy jests, as countrey Gentlemen followe fashions when they bee wotne thereof.

Dol. Well, well, I leave these wit skirmishes, and say when shall we meeete?

May. How thinke you, are we not met now?

Dol. Tush man, I meane at my chamber, where we may take freewise of our selues, that is, drinke Sacke, and talke saye, and let our wits runne the wilde Goose chase ouer Court and Countrey; I will haue my chamber the *Banck* of our all good wits; the shoppe of good wordes, the Mine of good iudges, an Ordinary of fine discourse, Critiques, Essayists, Linguists, Poets, and other professors of that faculty of wit, shall at certaine houres in day resort thither, it shall be a second *Sorbonne*, where all doubts or differences of Learning, Honour, Duellisme, Criticisme, and Poetrie shall be disputed: and how wits, do ye follow the Court still?

Rho. Close at heeles sir, and I can tell you, you haue much to aunswere for your flatteries, that you doe not so too.

Dol. As why wits doe as why?

Rho. VVhy sir, the Court's as twere the stage: and they that haue a good suite of parts and qualities, ought to presse thither to grace them, and receive their due merite.

Dol. Tush, let the Court followe me: he that soares too neare the sunne smelt; his wings many times as I am, I possesse my selfe, I enioy my libertie, my learning, my wit, as for wealth and honor let am go, Ile not loose my learning to be a Lord, nor my wit to be an Aldorman.

May. Admirable *Doline*.

Dol. And what you stand gazing at this Comet here, and admire it, I dare say.

Rho. And do not you?

Dol. Not I, I admire nothing but wit.

Rho.

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Rhod. But I wonder how she entertaines time, in that solitary Cell: does she not take *Talacca* thinke you?

D'ol. She does, she does: others make it their Physicke, she makes it her foode: her sister and she take it my time, first one, then the other, and *Laudame* ministers to them both.

Mug. How sayest thou by that *Helene* of Greece, the Countesses sister, there were a Paragon *Monsieur D'olive* to admire and marrie too.

D'ol. Not for me.

Rhod. No, what acceptions lies against the choise.

D'ol. Tush, tell me not of choise, if I had affected that way, I would chose my wife as men do *Katharine* blindfold, or draw cuts for them, for so I shall be sure not to be deceived in choosing: for take this of me, there's ten times more deceit in women then in Horsemasters: and I say still, that a prettie well pac'd Chambermaid is the only fashion, if she grow full or fulsome, giue her but six pence to buy her a handbasket, and send her the way of all flesh, there's no more but so.

Mug. Indeed thats the sauiest way.

D'ol. O me! what a hell is for a man to be tied to the continuall charge of a Coach, with the appurtenances, horse, men, and so forth; and then to haue a mans house pestered with a whole country of Gunts, Gibbets, Randers, wayting maides &c. I carefull to please my wife, she carelesse to displease me. Shrewish if she be honest, intolerable if shee be wise. imperious as an Emperesse, all she does must be law. all shee sayes Gospel: O what a penance tis to endure her, I glad to forbeare still, altho keepe her loyall, and yet perhappes when alls done, my heyre shall be like my Horse-keeper: Fie on'e, the very thought of marriage were able to coole the hottest liuer in France.

Rhod. VVell, I durst venture twice the price of your guilt Connies wooll, we shall haue you change your copy ere a twelue moneths day.

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May. We must haue you dubb'd ath order thers no remedie, you that haue vnmarried, done such honourable seruice in the common-wealth, must needes receyue the honour due too in marriage.

Rbo. That hee may doe, and neuer marrie.

Dol. As how wits, yfaith as how?

Rbo. For if hee can prooue his father was free ath order, and that hee was his fathers sonne, then by the laudable custome of the Cittie, hee may bee a cuckold by his fathers coppie, and neuer serue fort.

Dol. Euer good yfaith:

May. Nay howe can hee pleade that, when 'tis as well knowne his father dyed a batcheler.

Dol. Bitter, in verity, bitter. But good still in it kinde.

Rbo. Goe too, you must haue you follow the lanthorne of your forefather.

May. His forefathers? Sbody had hee more fathers then one.

Dol. Why this is right: heers wit canuallt cut ans coate, into's lacket: the string sounds euer well, that rubs not too much ath frets: I must loue your Wits, I must take pleasure in you. Farewell good wits, you know my lodging, make an Errand thether now and than, and saue your ordinarie, doe wits, doe.

May. Wee shall be troublesome mee.

Dol. O God Syr, you wrong mee, to thinke I can, bee troubled with wit, I loue a good wit, as I loue my selfe, if you neede a brace or two of Crownes at any time Adresse but your Sonnet, it shall bee as sufficient as your bonde at all times, I carrie halfe a score byrdes in a Cage, shall euer remaine at your call: Farewell wits, farewell good wits. Exe.

Rbo.

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Rbo. Farewell the true mappe of a gull: by Heauen
hee shall too'th Court: tis the perfect model of an impu-
dent vpstart: the compound of a Poet, and a Lawyer,
hee shall sure too'th Court.

Mug. Naye for Gods sake, letts haue no fooles at
Court.

Rbo. Hee shall too't that's certaine, the Duke had a
purpose to dispatch some one or other to the French King,
to entreat him to send for the bodie of his Neece, which the
melancoly Earle of *Saint Anne*, her husband hath kept so
long vnburied, as meaning one graue should entombe
himselfe and her together.

Mug. A very worthy subject for an Ambassage, as
D'olive is for an Ambassador Agent, and tis as futable to
his braine, as his parcell guilt Beuer to his fooles head.

Rbo. Well it shall goe hard but hee shall bee employd,
O tis a most accomplithe asse, the mugrill of a Gull, and a
villaine, the very essence of his soule is pure villany. The
substance of his braine-foolery: one that beleefeues nothing
from the starres vpward. A Pagan in beleefe, an Epicure
beyond beleefe, Prodigious in lust, Prodigall in wastfull
expende, in necessary most penurious, his wit is to admire
and imitate, his grace is to censure, and detract; he shall
too'th Court, yfaith hee shall thither, I will shape such em-
ployment for him, as that hee himselfe shall haue no lesse
contentment, in making myrth to the whole Court, then
the Duke and the whole Court shall haue pleasure in en-
ioying his presence. A knaue if hee be riche, is fit to make
an Officer, As a Foole if hee bee a knaue is fit to make
an Intelligencer.

Exeunt.

ENTER.

MONSEYER D'OLIVE.

Actus secundi Scena

prima.

Enter Digne, Licette, with Tapers.

Dig. What an order is this? Eleuen a clocke at night is our Ladies morning, and her houre to rise at, as in the morning it is other Ladies houre: these Tapers are our Sunnes, with which we call her from her bed. But I pray thee *Licette* what makes the virgin *Eadie*, my Ladies sister, breake wind so continually, and sigh so tempestuously. I beleuee shees in loue?

Licet. With whom, can you tell?

Dig. Not very well, but certes that her disease, a man may cast her water in her face: The truth is, 'tis no matter what she is, for there is little goodnesse in her, I could neuer yet finger one Cardique of her bountie: And indeed all bountie now adayes is dead amongst Ladies. This same *Bonitas* is quite put downe amongst am. But see, Now we shall discouer the heaviness of this virgine *Ladie*, Ile caue-droppe, and if it be possible, heare who is her Lover: For when this same amorous spirit possesse these young people, they have no other subject to talke of.

Enter Marcelina and Euryone.

Eur. O sister, would that matchlesse *Eadie* euer haue wrongd his wife with ieaiousie?

Mar. Neuer.

Eury. Good Lord what difference is in men? but such a man as this was euer seen to loue his wife, euen after death so dearely, to liue with her in death? To leaue the world and all his pleasures: all his friends and honours, as all were nothing, now his wife is gone, is it not strange?

Mar.

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MAR. Exceeding strange.

EVAY: But sister should not thus noble men be Chastised if he had right. I pray you sister, should he not?

MAR: Yes, yes he should.

EVAY: But did you ever heare of such a Noble gentleman: did you sister?

MAR: I tell you no:

EVAY: And doe not you delight to heare him spoken of; and praise, and honord?

Doe you not Madame?

MAR. What should I say I doe;

EVAY: Why very well: and should not every woman that loves the Souveraigne honour of her Sexe, delight to heare him praised as well as we?

Good Maddam answer hartely?

MAR: Yet againe, who ever heard one talke so?

EVAY: Talk so? Why should not every Lady talke so?

You thinke belike I love the Noble man;

Heaven is my iudge if I: indeede his love

And honour to his Wife so after death;

Would make a Fayry love him, yet not love.

But thinke the better of him, and sometimes,

Talke of his love or so; But you know Maddam;

I cald her sister, and if I love him,

It is but as my Brother I protect.

An other within.

VAND. Let me come in; Sir you must not enter:

MAR. What rude disorderd noise is that within?

LYCIT. I know not Maddam,

DIQ. How now;

SIC: Where my Lady?

MAR. What hast with you?

SIC: Madder there one at doore that asks to speake with you, admittes no answer but will enforce his passage to your honor.

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MAR. what insolent guest is this?
EVERY. Who should he be?
THAT is his name, I know not.

Enter an other Servant

LE C. Madam, here's one hath drawn his rapier on vs
 and will come in he says.

MAR. Tis is strange Rudenes,
 What is his name, doe you not know the man?

SIG. No Madam, tis too dark.

MAR. Then take a light.

See if you know him, if not raise the streetes

Exit **LYCITTE** walks with a candle.

EVERY. And keepe the doore fast: what night
 walker's this, that hath not light enough to see his rudenes!

Enter **LYCITTE** in haste

LYCIT. O Madam, tis the Noble gentleman,
 Monsieur **VANDOME** your Servant.

EVERY. Is it he? is he returned?

MAR. Hast commend me to him, tell him I may not nor
 will not see him: for I have vow'd the contrary to all.

LYCIT. Madam, we told him so a hundred times,
 yet he will enter: [within]

Within: Hold, hold, keepe him back there:

MAR. What rudenes! what strange violence is this?

Enter **VANDOME**.

VAND. What power is this? what fashion? what sad life?

What superstition of vnholy vowes?

What place is this? O shall it ere be said

Such perfect Iudgement should be drownd in Humors?

Such beauty consecrate to Batts and Owles?

Here lyes the weapon that enfort my passage?

Sought in my loue, sought in regard of you?

For whom I will indure a thousand deaths.

Rather then suffer you to perishe thus

And be the fable of the scornfull world;

Yf I offend you Lady kill me now.

Mari

MONSIEVR DOLIVE

MAR: What shall I say? Ah! as my worthy Servant
I would to God I had not builded on my
A fable to the worlde, a shame to thee;

VAND Deare mistris heare me & forbear these humors.

MAR Forbear your vaine dissuasions

VAND Shall your iudgement?

MAR. I will not heare a word. **Exit MARM.**

V VNT: Strange will in women! **Exit MARM.**

What sayes my honorable virgin sister?

How is it you can brooke this Batt-like life?

And sit as one without life?

EVRY: Would I were,

If any man would kill me I'de forgive him.

VAN. O true fit of a maiden Melancholy?

Whence comes it, louely sister?

EVRY: In my minde;

Your selfe hath small occasion to be merry.

That are arriv'd on such a haples Shore;

As beares the dead waight of so deare a Sister;

For whose deace being my deare Sister;

I shall for ever leade this desolate life.

VAN: Not heauen forbid; women in Love with women;

Loues fire shines with too mutuall a refraction.

And both wayes weakens his holde beames too much;

To pierce so deeply tis not for her I know.

that you are thus impassioned.

EVRY: For hee I would be of woman and for her husband.

VAN: I marry Sir, a quick man may doe much.

In these kinde of impressions.

EVRY: See how I do;

You vnderstand me: these sinners willers.

That can in any where make it doo sinne to love.

And cast so farre from home; for nothing else.

But to leaue how they may cast of their friends.

She had a husband does not cast her off;

O tis a rare, a Noble gentleman.

MONSIEUR DOLIVE

Well well, there is some other Humor stirring,
In your young blood then a dead woman's Loner.

EVAY: No, ile be the same as I was,
VAND: Why is it possible?

That you, whose frolicke breast was ever fild,
With all the spirits of a mischifull Lady:

Should be with such a sorrow transformed:
Your most sweet hand in touch of Instruments:

Turnd to pick straws, and fumble vpon Ruides;
Your heavenly voice, turnd into heay sighes,

And your rare wit to in a manner tainted.
This cannot be, I know some other cause,

Fashions this strange effect, and that my selfe:
Am borne to find it out, and be your cures:

In any wound it forceth whatsoeuer,
But if you will not, tell me at your perill.

EVAY: Brother,

VAND: Did you call?

EVAY: No, tis no matter.

VAND: So then?

EVAY: Doe you heare?

Assur'd you are my kind and honor'd Brother,

Let tell you all:

VAND: O will you doe so then?

EVAY: you will be secret?

VAND: Secret? ist a secret?

EVAY: No tis a trifle that torments on this:

Did ever man aske such a question,
When he had brought a woman to this paller?

VAND: What tis no I reason is it?

EVAY: Treason? moeth he?

VAND: Well it is be, I will engage my quarters:
With a faire Ladye ever, tell the secret.

EVAY: Attending oftentimes the Duke & Dutchesse,
To visit the most passionate Earle your Brother:

That

MONSIEUR D'OLIVE.

That Noble Gentleman.

VAN: Well said put it in, why? y^e faithy^e are such a man.

EVERY Put it in? why? y^e faithy^e are such a man.
He tell no further, you are changed indeede.

A trauaile quoth you?

VAN: Why what meanes this?

Come Lady fourth, I would not loose the thanks

The credit and the honor I shall have:

For that most happy Good I know in Fate,

I am to furnish thy desires withall.

For all this house in Gold,

EVER: Thanke you good Brother:

Attending (as I say) the Duke and Dutchesse

To the sad Earle.

VAN: That noble gentleman?

EVER: Why I, is he not?

VAN: Beshrew my hart else,

The Earle quoth you, he cast not of his Wife.

EVER: Nay looke you now,

VAN: Why does he pray?

EVER: Why no?

VAN: Footh then I pray, you louers are so captious.

EVER: When I obseru'd his constancie in Loue,

His honor of his deere wifes memory,

His woe for her, his life with her in death,

I grew in loue, euen with his very mind.

VAN: O with his mind?

EVER: I by my soule no more.

VAN: A good mind certainly is a good thing.

And a good thing you know.

EVER: That is the chiefe.

The body without that, Ahlas is nothing.

And this his mind cast such a sicke into me.

That it hath halfe consumed me, since it lou'd

His Wife so dearely, that was deere to me.

And euen I am saying to my selfe.

How

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE

How more then happy should that woman be
 That had her honord place in his true love
 But as some I know I haue no resort
 To hope for such a honor at his hands
 VAND: What at the Earles hands: I thinke so indeede,
 Heauen I beseech thee was your loue so simple:
 T'n flame is selfe, with him: why hee's a husband: I smoe
 For any Princeesse any Queene, or Emperresse
 The Ladies of this land would tear him peece-meale
 (As did the drunken Frogs, the THIRATIAN HARPER)
 To mary but a lymbe, a looke of him,
 Heauens my sweet comfort: Set your thoughts on him
 EVR. O cruel man, dissembling traitor
 Euen now you took vpon you to be sure
 It was in you to satisfie my longings,
 And whatsoeuer t'were, you would procure it
 O you were borne to doe me good, you know
 You would not lose the credit and the honor
 You should haue by my satisfaction
 For all this house in Gold the very fact
 And you were all one in your power to help me
 And now to come and wonder at my folly
 Mock me, and make my Loue impossible
 Wretch that I was, I did not keepe you
 VAN. Alas poor filter, when a greece is growne
 Full home, and to the deepest then it breake
 And ioy (Sunn like) out of a black cloude shineth
 But couldst thou thinke yfaith I was in earnest
 To esteeme any man without the reach
 Of thy far-shooting beauties any name
 Too Good to subscribe to EVR. This is my hand
 Here is my hand, if euer I would thought
 A gentleman or would be still esteemed
 I will so vertuously foliow thee
 And with such cunning wind into his heare
 That I sustaine no doubt I shall disfigure
 His

MONSIEUR D'AMOUR.

His seeld Melancholy be here so ground:
On rational love, and great Philosophy,
I know my light will cheer him at the heart:

In whom a quick forme of my deare deade Sister,
Will fire his heavy spirits. And all this
May worke that change in him, that nothing else
Hath hope to ioy in, and so farewell Sister.

Some few dayes hence, I tell thee how I speed.
EVR: Thanks honor Brother, but you shall not goe
before you dine with your best lousd Mistres.

Come in sweet Brother:

VAND: In to dinner now?
Midnight would bluff, at that farewell, farewell:

EVR: Deere Brother doe but drinke or taste Banquet
y faith I have most excellent constractes.

You shall come in, in earnest, stay a little
Or will you drinke some Cordial still waters,
After your trauel, pray thee worthy Brother
Vpon my loue you shall stay: Sweet now enter.

VAND: Not for the world, commend my humble seruice,
And vse all meanes to bring abroad my Mistres.

EVR: I will in sadness; farewell happy brother, Exeunt.

ENTER PHILLIP. GVEAQ. IERONNIME.

& MUGERON. GVEAQ. & IERONNIME sit down to worke

PHIL: Come MUGERON, where is this worthy Master
That you and Rhoderique would perswade:

To be our worthy Agent into France;

The couller we shal lay on it Inter,

The body of the long deceased Countesse,

The French Kings neece, whom her kind husband keeps

With such great cost, and care from buriall:

Will shew as probable as can be thought.

Thinke you he can be gotten to performe it.

MVG: Feare not my Lo: The wizzard is as forward,

To vsurpe greannes, as all greatnesis:

To abuse grace, or riches honor,

You cannot load the Ass with too much honor,

He

MONSIEUR DOLIVE

He shall be your my Lord Rhoderique and I,
Will give him to your highnes for your fure clothe.

PHIL: How happens it, he had conceald so long.

Mv c. It is his humor sin for he sayes still,
His iocund mind loues pleasure about honor,
His swindge of liberty, about his life,
It is not safe (sayes he) to build his nest
So neere the Eagle, his mind is his Kingdome
His chamber is a Court, of all good wits,
And many such rare parkes of Resolution,
He blessing his most loued selfe withall,
As presently, your excellencie shall heare.

But this is one thing I had halfe forgotten
With which your highnes needs must be prepar'd,
I haue discours'd with him about the office
Of an Ambassador, and he stands on this
That when he once hath kist your Highnes hand,
And taken his dispatch he then presents:
Your Highnes parson, hath your place and power,
Must put his hat on, vse you, as you him:
That you may see before he goes how well,
He can assume your presence and your greatnes.

PHIL: And will he practise his new state before vs?

Mv c: I and vpon you too, and kisse your Dutchesse,
As you vse at your parting.

PHIL: Out vpon him, she will not let him kisse her.

Mv c: He will kisse her, to doe your parson right.

PHIL: It will be excellent:

She shall not know this till he offer it:

Mv c: See see, he comes,

Enter Rhod. Mons: Dolive
& Paque.

RHO. Heere is the gentleman
Your highnes doth desire to doe you honor
In the presenting of your princely parson
And going Lord Ambassador to the French King.

phik

M.ONSIEVR D'OLIVE

PHIL: Is this the gentleman whose worth so highly
You recommend to our election?

AMRO: This is the man my Lord

PHIL: Wee vnderstand Sir:
We haue beene wrongd, by being kept so long
From notice of your honorable parts

Wherein your country claimes a deeper intrest
Then your meere priuate selfe; what makes wife Nature
Fashion in men these excellent perfections
Of haughty courage, great wit, wiledome incredible

DOLI: It pleaseth your good excellence to say so

PHI: But that she aymes therein at publique good
And you in duty thereto of your selfe
Ought to haue made vs tender of your parts
And not entombe them tirant-like aliue

RHO: We for our parts, my Lord are not in fault,
For we haue spnrnd him forward euermore
Letting him know how fit an instrument
He was to play vpon in stately Musique.

Mv o, And if he had bin ought else but an Assle
Your Grace ere this time long had made him great
Did not we tell you this?

DOLI: Oftentimes,
But sure my honord Lord the times before
Were not as now they be, thanks to our fortune
That we inioy so sweet and wise a prince
As is your gracious selfe; for then 't was pollicie
To keepe all wits of hope still vnder hatches
Farre from the Court, least their exceeding parts
Should ouer shine those that were then in place
And 't was our happines, that we might liue so
For in that freely choos'd obscurtie
Wee found our safetie, which men most of Note
Many times lost, and I ahlas for my part,
Shrunk my despised head in my poore shell
For your learned excellence, I know knows well.

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

Qui bene latuit, bene vixit, still.

PHI, T was much you could containe your selfe, that had
So great meanes to haue liu'd in greater place
D O L: Faith Sir I had a poore rooffe, or a paint-house
To shade me from the Sinne, and three or foure tyles
To shrow'd me from the Rayne, and thought my selfe
As private as I had King Giris Ring
And could haue gone invisible, yet saw all
That past our states rough Sea both neere and farr,
There saw I our great Galliasse tost
Vpon the wallowing waues, vp with one billow
And then downe with another: Our great men
Like to a Masse of clowds that now seeme like
An Elephant, and straight wayes like an Oxe
And then a Mouse, or like those changeable creatures
That liue in the Burdello, now in Satten
To morrow next in Stammell.
When I sate all this while in my poore cell
Secure of lightning, or the sodaine Thunder
Conuerst with the poore Muses, gaue a scholler
Forty offittie crownes a yeare to teach me,
And prate to me about the predicables
When indeede my thoughts flew a higher pitch
Then Genus and Species as by this tast
I hope your highnes happily perceiues
And shall hereafter more at large approue
If any worthy oportunitie
Make but her fore topp subiect to my hold
And so I leaue your Grace to the tuition
Of him that made you.

RHO: Soft good Sir I pray:
What sayes your Excellence to this gentleman?
Hau' I not made my word good to your highnes?

PHI: Well Sir, how euer Enuious policie
Hath rob'de my predecessors of your seruice
You must not scape my hands, that haue design'd

pre-

MONSIEVR DOLIVE.

present employment for you; and tis this
 Tis not vnknowne vnto you; with what griefe
 Wee take the sorrow of the Earle Saint Anne
 For his deceased wife; with whose dead sight
 Hee feeds his passion, keeping her from sight
 Of christian buriall, to make his eyes
 Doe penitance by their euerlasting teares
 For loosing the deare sight of her quick bewties
 DOL: Well spoke'y-faith, your grace must giue me leaue
 To praise your witt, for faith tis rarely spoken

PHIL: The better for your good commendation
 But Sir your Ambassy to the French King
 Shall be to this effect; thus you shall say

DOL: Not so, your Excellence shall pardon me
 I will not haue my tale put in my mouth
 If you le deliuer me your mind in prose
 Why so I shall expresse it as I can
 I warrant you t'wil be sufficient.

PHIL: Tis very good, then Sir my will in prose
 Is that in pity of the sad Countes case
 The King would aske the body of his Neece
 To giue it Funerall fitting her high blood,
 Which (as your selfe requires and reason wills)
 Ileau to be enforst and anplyfied
 With all the Ornaments of Arte and Nature
 Which flowes I see in your sharp intellect

DOL: Ahlas you cannot see; in this short time
 Bur there be, some not far hence that haue seene
 And heard me too ere now. I could haue wish't
 Your highnes presence in a priuat Conuenticle
 At what time the high point of state was handled?

PHIL: What was the point?

DOL: It was my happ to make a number there
 My selfe (as euery other Gentleman)
 Beeing interested in that graue affayre
 Where I deliuer'd my opinion: how well?

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE

DOL: What was the matter pray
The matter, Sir.
Was of an ancient subiect, and yet newly
Cald into question; And 't was this in breefe
We sate as I remember all in tow,
All sorts of men together,
A Squier and a Carpenter, a Lawier and a Sawier,
A Marchant and a Broker, a Iustice and a peasant
and so forth without all difference

PHIL: But what was the matter?

DOL: Faith a stale argument though newly handled
And I am fearefull I shall shame my selfe:
The subiect is so thred bare

PHIL: Tis no matter be as it wil go to ypoint I pray,

DOL: Then thus it is: the question of estate
(Or the state of the question) was in briete
whether in an Aristocratic
Or in a Democricall estate
Tobacco might be brought to lawfull vse
But had you heard the excellent speeches there
Touching this part

MVC: RHO: Pray thee to the point

DOL: First to the point then,
Vpstart a weauer, blowne vp b' inspiration
That had borne office in the congregation
A little fellow and yet great in spirit
I neuer shall forget him; for he was
A most hot liuer d' enemi to Tobacco
His face was like the ren of Diamonds
Pointed each where with pusses, and his Nose
Was like the Ase of clubs (which I must tell you
Was it that sex him, and Tobacco first at such hot Enmi
for that nose of his (according to the Puritanick cut) hau-
ing a narrow bridge, and this Tobacco: being in drink durst
not passe by and finding stopr his narrow passage fled backe
as it came and went away in Petu. Mug.

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE

M v G: Iust cause of quarrell

P H I: But pray thee briefly say what said the weauer

D O L: The weauer Sir much like a virginall iack
Start nimble vp; the culler of his beard
I scarce remember; but purb and he was
With the GENEVA print, and wore one eare
Shorter then tother for a difference

P H I: A man of very open note it seemes

D O L: He was so Sir, and hotly he envaid
Against Tobacco (with a most strong breath
For he had eaten garlicke the same morning
As t' was his vse partly against ill ayres
Partly to make his speeches sauorie
Said t' was a pagan plant, a prophane weede
And a most sinful smoke, that had no warrant
Out of the word; inuented sure by Sathan
In these our latter dayes, to cast a mist
Before mens eyes, that they might not behold
The grossenes of olde superstition
Which is as t' were deriu'd into the church
From the fowle sin ke of Romish popery
And that it was a iudgement on our land
That the substantiall commodities
And mighty blessings of this Realme of France
Bells, Rattles, hobby horses and such like
Which had brought so much wealth into the Land
Should now be changd into the smoke of vanitie
The smoke of superstition; for his owne part
He held a Garlick clove being sanctified
Did edifie more the body of a man
Then a whole tun of this prophane Tobacco
Being tane without thankes-giuing; in a word
He said it was a ragge of Popery:
And none that were truly regenerate would
Prophane his Nostrills with the smoke thereof
And speaking of your grace behind your back,

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

He charg'd and coniur'd you to see the vse,
Of yaine Tobacco banisht from the land
Forfeare least for the great abuse thereof
Or candle were put out; and therewithall
Taking his handker-chiefe to wipe his mouth
As he had told a lie, he tun'd his noise
To the olde straine as if he were preparing
For a new exercise, But I my selfe
[Angry to heare this generous Tabacco
The Gentlemans Saint and the souldiers idoll
So ignorantly polured] stood me vp
Tooke some Tabacco for a complement
Brake steame some twice or thrice, then shooke mine eares
And lickt my lipps, as if I begg'd attention
and so directing me to your sweet Grace
Thus I replyed,

RHO: MvG: Rome for a speach there. Silence.

DOL- I am amused, or I am in a quandarie gentlemen
[for in good faith I remember not well whether of them
was my words]

PHI: Tis no matter either of them will serue the turne

DOL: Whether I should (as the Poet sayes) eloquar,
an siliam? whether by answering a foole I should my
selfe seeme no lesse; or by giuing way to his winde (for
words are but winde) I might betray the cause; to the main-
taynance whereof, all true Troyans (from whose race we
claime our decent) owe all their patrimonies; and if neede
be their dearest blood, and their sweetest breath, I would
not be redious to your highnes.

PHI: You are not Sir: Proceede:

DOL. TABACCO that excellent plant, the vse where-
of [as of fift Element] the world cannot want, is that
little shop of Nature, wherein her whole workman-ship
is abridgd; where you may see Earth kindled into fire, the
fire breath our exhalation, which entring in at the mouth
walkes through the Regions of a mans brayne drives

out

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE,

out all ill Vapours, but it selfe, drawes downe all bad Humors by the she mouth, which in time might breed a Scabbe ouer the whole body if already they haue not a plant of singular vse, for on the one side, Nature being an Enemie to Vacuities and emptines, and on the other, there beeing so many empty braines in the World as there are, how shall Natures course be continued? How shall these empty braines be filled, but with ayre Natures immediate instrument to that purpose? If with ayre, what so proper as your fume: what fume so healthfull as your perfume? what perfume so soueraigne as Tabacco? Besides the excellent edge it giues a mans wit, [as they can best iudge that haue beene present at a feast of Tobacco where commonly all good wits are consoorted] what varietie of discourse it begets? What sparkes of wit it yeelds, it is a world to heare: as likewise to the courage of a man, for if it be true, that Iehannes de sauoer fauor writes, that hee that drinckes Veriuiue pisseth vinegare, Then it must needs follow to be as true, that hee that eates smoke, farts fire, for Garlick. I will not say because it is a plant of our owne country, but it may cure the diseases of the country, but for the diseases of the Court, they are out of the Element of Garlick to medicine; to conclude as there is no enemy to Tabacco but Garlick, so there is no friend to Garlick, but a sheeps head and so I conclude.

PHIL: Well Sir, Yf this be but your Naturall vaine I must confesse I knew you not indeede When I made offer to instruct your brayne For the Ambassage, and will trust you now If it were to send you forth to the great Turke With an Ambassage

DOL: But Sir in conclusion
Twas orderd for my speach, that since Tobacco
Had so long bin in vse, it should thence forth

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE:

Be brought to lawfull vie; but limited thus
That none should dare to take it but a gentleman
Or he that had some gentlemanly humor
The Murr, the Head-ach, the Cattar, the bone-ach
Or other branches of the sharpe salt Rheume
Fitting a gentleman.

RHO: Your grace has made choise
Of a most simple Lo: Ambassador

PHI: Well Sir you neede not looke for a commission
My hand shall well dispatch you for this busines
Take now the place and state of an Ambassador
Present our parson and performe our charge
And so farewell good Lord Ambassador

DOL: Farewell good Duke and GVEAQUIN to thee

GVE: How now you foole? out you presumptuous gull

DOL: How now you baggage? foote. are you so coy
To the Dukes parson, to his second selfe?
are you to good dame to enlarge your selfe

Vnto your proper object? slight twere a good deede

GVE: What meanes your grace to suffer me abus'd thus

PHI: Sweet Loue be pleas'd; you do not know this Lord
Giue me thy hand my Lord:

DOL: And giue me thine

PHIL: Farewell againe

DOL: Farewell againe to thee

PHI: Now go thy ways for an ambassador {Exiunt PHI L

DOL: Now goe thy wayes for a Duke {Gueaq; Iero:

MVG: RHO: Most excellent Lord,

RHO. Why this was well performd and like a Duke
Whose parson you most naturally present

DOL: I told you I would doe't, now ile begin
To make the world take notice I am noble
The first thing I will doe ile sweare to pay
No debts vpon my honor.

MVG: A good cheape prooffe of your Nobilitie

DOL.

MONSIEUR D'OLIVE.

Dol. But if I knew where I might pawn mine honor, I will
For some odd thousand Crownes, it shalbe layd: as be worth
Ile pay't againe when I haue done withall:
Then twill be expected I shalbe of some Religion,
I must thinke of some for fashion, or for faction sake,
As it becomes great personages to doe:
Ile thinke vpon't betwixt this and the day.

Rho. Well sayd my Lords this Lordship of yours wil worke
a mighty alteration in you: do you not feele it begins to worke
alreadie?

Dol. Fayth onely in this; it makes mee thinke, how they
that were my Companions before, shall now be my fauorites:
They that were my Friends before, shall now be my followers:
They that were my Seruants before, shall now be my knaues:
But they that were my Creditors before, shall remaine my Cre-
ditors still.

Mug. Excellent Lord: Come, will you shew your Lordship
in the Presence now?

Dol. Faith I doe not care, if I go and make a face or two there,
or a few gracefull legges; I speake a little Italian, and away;
there's all a Presence doth require.

FINIS ACTVS SECVNDI.

ACTVS TERTII. Senaprima.

Enter Vandome, and St. Anne.

St. Anne.

YOU haue enclinde me more to leaue this life,
Then I supposde it possible for an Angell;
Nor is your iudgement to suppress your passions
For so deare lou'd a Sister (being as well
Your blood and flesh, as mine) the least enforcement
Of your dissuasiue arguments. And besides,
Your true resemblance of her, much supplics
Her want in my affections; with all which
I feele in these deepe griefes, to which I yeeld
A kind of false sluggish (and rotting sweetnes,)

E.

Mint:

MONSEYER D'OLIVE!

Mixt with an humour where all things in life,
Lie drownd in sorrow, wretched, and horred thoughts:
The way to cowardly desperation opened,
And whatsoeuer vgerth soules accurst:
To their destruction, and sometimes their plague,
So violently gripes me, that I lie
Whole dayes and nightes bound at histirranous sectes
So that my dayes are not like life or light,
But bitterest death, and a continuall night.

Und. The ground of all is vnassisted Loue,
Which would be best easd with some other object:
The generall rule of *Nasi* being autentique

Quod suocessore nono vincitur omnis Amor:

For the affections of the minde drawne forth
In many currents, are not so impulsive
In anie one; And so the *Persian King*
Made the great Riuer *Ganges* runn distinctly
In an innumerable sort of Channels;
By which meanes, of a fierce and dangerous Flood,
He turnd it into many pleasing Riuer:
So likewise is an Armie disarayd,
Made penetrable for the assaulting foe:
So huge Fiers being deffused, grow asswadgd:
Lastly, as all force being vnite, increaseth;
So being dispearst, it growes lesse sharpe, and ceaseth.

S. Anne. Ahlas, I know I cannot loue another,
My hart accustomed to loue onely her,
My eyes accustomed to view onely her,
Will tell me whatsoeuer is not her, is foule and hatefull.

Und. Yet forbear to keepe her
Still in your fight: force not her breathles body
Thus against Nature to suruiue, being dead:
Let it consume, that it may reassume
A forme incorruptible; and refraine
The places where you vside to ioy in her:

Hec fuge dilectas terras, fuge litus Amatum:
For how can you be euer sound or safe,
Where in so many red steps of your wounds,

MONSEYER DOLIVE.

Gaspe in your eyes? with change of place be sure,
Like sicke men mending, you shall find secure.

Enter the Duke, D'oline, Guasquin, Ieronimus, Muge, Rhod.
to see the dead Countesse that is kept in her attire vnburied.

D'ol. Fayth Madam, my companie may well be spard at so
mournesfull a visitation: For, by my soule, to see *Pigmalion* dote
vpon a Marble Picture, a senceles Statue, I should laugh and
spoyle the Tragedie.

Gur. Oh, tis an object full of pittie my Lord.

D'ol. Tis pittie in deed, that any man should loue a woman
so constantly.

Duke, Bitterly turnd my Lord: we must still admire you.

D'ol. Tush my Lord, true Manhood can neither mourne nor
admire: It's fitt for Women, they can weepe at pleasure, euen
to admiration.

Gur. But men vse to admire rare things, my Lord,

D'ol. But this is nothing rare: Tis a vertue common for men
to loue their Wiues after death: The value of a good Wife (as
all good things else) are better knowne by their want, then by
their fruition: for no man loues his Wife so well while she liues,
but he loues her ten times better when shee's dead.

Rho. This is sound Philosophie, my Lord.

D'ol. Faith, my Lord, I speake my thoughts; and for mine
owne part, I should so ill indure the losse of a Wife (alwayes
prouided, I lou'd her) that if I lost her this weeke, I'de haue an-
other by the beginning a'th next: And thus resolu'd, I leaue
your Highnes to deale with *Airapas*, for cutting my Ladyes
threed: I am for *France*; all my care is for Followers to Impout
my Trainee: I feare I must come to your Grace for a Presse; for
I will be followd as becomes an honorable Lord: and that is,
like an honest Squire: for with our great Lords, followers abroad,
and Hospitalitie at home, are out of date: The world's now
growne thriftie: He that fills a whole Page in folio, with his
Stile; thinkes it veriest Noble, to be mand with one bare Page
and a *Pandore*; and yet *Pandore* in auncient time, was the name
of an honest Courtier; what tis now, *Videris vilis*: Come
Witts, let's to my Chamber. *Exeunt. Momet Vando, S. M.*

MONSIEUR D'S LIFE.

Vando. Well now my Lord, remember all the reasons
And arguments I vnde at first to you,
To draw you from your hurtfull passions;
And therewithall, admit one further cause,
Drawne from my loue, and all the powers I haue;
Euryone, you'd lister to my lister,
Whose vertues, beautes, and perfections,
Adorne our Countre, and do neereft match
With her rich graces, that your loue adores,
Hath wounded my affections; and to her
I would intreat your Lordships gracefull word;

S. Anne. But is it true? Loues my deare brother now?
It much delights me, for your choyce is Noble:
Yet need you not vrge me to come abrode,
Your owne worth will suffize for your wisht speed.

Vand. I know my Lord, no man aloue can winn
Her resolu'd iudgment from virginitie,
Vnlesse you speake for him, whose word of all Dames
Is held most sweet, and worthie to perswade them.

S. Anne. The world will thinke mee too phantastically,
To ope so sodenly my vow'd obscurenes.

Vand. My Lord, my loue is suddaine, and requires
A suddaine remedie: if I be delayed,
Consider Loues delay breedes desperation,
By waighing how strongly Loue workes in your selfe.

S. Anne. Deare Brother, nothing vnderneath the Starres,
Makes mee so willing to pertake the ayre,
And vndergo the burden of the world,
As your most worthy selfe, and your wisht good:
And glad I am that by this meanes I may
See your descent continued, and therein
Behold some new borne Image of my wife;
Deare life, take knowledge that thy Brothers loue,
Makes me dispaire with my true zeale to thee:
And if for his sake I admit the Earth
To hide this treasure of thy pretious beautes;
And that thy part suruiuing, be not pleas'd,
Let it appeare to mee ye iust assisters

MONSIEUR D'OLIVE.

Of all intentions bent to soueraigne iustice,
And I will follow it into the Graue,
Or dying with it; or preferue it thus,
As long as any life is left betwixt vs.

Exeunt.

Enter Monsieur D'olive, Rhoderique.

D'ol. But didst note what a presence I came of with-all?

Rho. Foot, you drew the eyes of the whole presence vpon you:
There was one Ladie a man might see her hart
Readie to start out of her eyes to follow you.

D'ol. But *Monsieur Mustapha* there kept state,
When I accosted him: s'ligh the Brasen head lookt to be
Worshipt I thinke: No Ile commit no Idolatrie for the prou-
dest Image of a small; I.

Rho. Your Lordship has the right garbe of an excellent
Courtier, respects a Clowne, supple ioynted, courtesies a verie
peagooe; tis stiffe ham'd audacity that carries it; get once with-
in their distance, and you are in their bosoms instantly.

D'ol. Sh'art doe they looke? I should stande aloofe, like a
Scholares, & make leggs at their greatnes: No Ile none of that,
come vp close to him, giue him a clap a' th shoulder shall make
him crie oh againe: it's a tender place to deale withal, and say,
Well encounterd noble *Bryms*.

Rho. Thats the onely way indeede to be familiar.

D'ol. S'foot Ile make leggs to none, vnlesse it be to a Iustice
of peace when he speakes in's Chaire, or to a Cunstable when
he leanes on's Staffe, thats flat: s'fimes and modestie sauiors
of the Cart, tis boldnes boldnes does the deed in the Court: and as
your Camelion, varries all cullours a' th Rainebow both white
and red, so must your true Courtier be able to varrie his coun-
tenance through all humors; State, Strangnes, Scorne, Mirth,
Melanchollie, Flatterie, and so forth: some cullours likewise
his face may change vpon occasion, Blacke or Blew it may,
Tawnie it may: but Redd and White at no hand, auoyde that
like a Sergeant: keepe your cullour stiffe, vnguiltie of passion or
disgrace, not changing White at sight of your Mercer, nor Red
at sight of your Surgeon: aboue all sinnes, heaven sheild mee
from the sinne of blushing; it does ill in a young Waighting-
woman,

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woman, but monstrous monstrous, in an old Courtier.

Rhs. Well, all this while your Lordship forgets your Ambassage; you haue giuen out, you will be gone within this moneth, and yet nothing is readie.

D'ol. Its no matter, let the Moone keepe her course: and yet to say truth, t'were more then time I were gone, for by heauen I am so haunted with Followers, euerie day new offets of Followers: But heauen shield me from any more Followers. How now, whats the newes?

Enter Muge, and two others.

Mug. My Lord, heere's two of my speciall Friends, whom I would gladly commend to follow you in the honorable action,

D'ol. S'foote, my eares are double lockt against Followers, you know my number's full, all places vnder mee are bestowd: He out of towne this night that's infallible, He no more Followers, a mine honour.

Mug. Slight Lord, you must entertaine them; they haue paid me their income, and I haue vndertaken your Lordshippe shall grace them.

D'ol. Well my Maisters, you might haue come at a time when your entertainment would haue prou'd better then now it is like: but such as it is, vpon the commendation of my Steward here

Mug. A pox a your Lor. Steward?

D'ol. You are welcome in a word: deserue and spie out.

Amb. Wee humbly thanke your Lordship.

D'ol. *Mugeron*, let 'em be enterd.

Mug. In what rancke my Lord, Gentlemen or Yomen?

D'ol. Gentlemen, Their bearing berayes no lesse, it goes not alwayes by apparrell: I do allow you to suite your selues anew in my Cullours at your owne charges.

Amb. Thanke your good Lordship.

D'ol. Thy name first, I pray thee?

Cor. *Cornelius*, My Lord.

D'ol. What profession?

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Cor. A Surgeon an't please your Lordship.

D'ol. I had rather th'hadst been a Barber, for I thinke there wilbe little blood-shed amongst my Followers, vnlesse it be of thy letting: Ile see their nailes parde before they goe. And yet now I bethinke my selfe, our Ambassage is into *France*, there may be employment for thee: hast thou a Tubbe?

Cor. I would be loth, my Lord, to be dislocated or vnsurmisht of any of my properties.

D'ol. Thou speak'st like thy selfe *Cornelius*: booke him downe Gentleman.

Amb. Verie well Sir,

D'ol. Now your profession, I pray?

Frip. *Fripperis*, my Lord, or as some tearme it, *Petty Prokery*.

D'ol. An honest man Ile warrant thee, I neuer knew other of thy trade.

Frip. Trulie a richer your Lordship might haue,
An honestier I hope not.

D'ol. I belecue thee *Pettie Broker*: canst burne Gold-lace?

Frip. I can do anie thing, my Lord, belonging to my trade.

D'ol. Booke him downe Gentleman, heele do good vpon the voyage I warrant him: prouide thee a Nagge *Pettie Broker*, thou'lt finde employment for him doubt not: keepe thy selfe an honest man, and by our returne I doe not doubt but to see thee a rich Knaue: Farewel *Pettie Broker*, prepare your selues against the day: this Gentleman shall acquaint you with my Cullours: Farewell *Fripper*, Farewell *Pettie Broker*: Deserne and spie out is my *Morte*. *Exeunt.*

Amb. God continue your Lordship,

Rho. A verie seasonable praier,
For vnknowne to him, it lies now vpon his death-bedd.

D'ol. And how like you my Chamber good Witts?

Rho. Excellent well Sir.

D'ol. Nay belecue it, it shall do well (as you will say) when you see't set forth suitable to my proiect:

Here shall stand my Court Cupbord, with it furniture of Plate:
Heere shall runne a Wind Instrument: Heere shall hang my base Viall: Heere my Theorbo: and heere will I hang my selfe.

Amb. I will

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Amb. T will do admirable well.

D'ol. But how will I hange my selfe good witts?
Not in person, but in Picture; I will be drawne.

Rho. What hangd and drawne too?

D'ol. Good againe: I say I wilbe drawne, all in compleat
Satten of some Courty cullour, like a Knight of *Cupid's* bands:
On this side shalbe ranckt Chaires and Stooles, and other such
complements of a Chamber: This cothner will be a conuenient
roome for my Close stooles: I acquaint you with all my priui-
ties, you see,

Mug. I Sir, we smell your meaning.

D'ol. Heere shalbe a Peartch for my Parrat, while I remaine
ynmarried, I shall haue the lesse misse of my Wife: Heere a
Hoope for my Munckie when I am married, my wife will haue
the lesse misse of mee: Heere will I haue the statue of some ex-
cellent Poet, and I will haue his Nose goe with a Vice (as I
haue seene the experience) And that (as if t'had taken cold i'th
head,)

Rho. For want of a guilt Nightcap.

D'ol. Bitter still, shall like a Spout runne pure Witt all day
long; and it shalbe fedd with a Pipe brought at my charge, from
Helicon, ouer the Alpes, and vader the Sea by the braine of some
great Engineer: and I thinke twill do excellent.

Mug. No question of that, my Lord.

D'ol. Well, now Witts about your seuerall charges touching
my Ambassage: *Rhoderique*, is my Speech put out to making?

Rho. Its almost done.

D'ol. Tis well, tell him he shall haue fourtie Crownes; pro-
misle, promise; want for no promising: And well remembred,
haue I ere a Gentleman Vther yet; a strange thing, amongst
all my followers, not one has witt enough to be a Gentleman
Vther, I must haue one ther's no remedie; Fare-well: haue a
care of my Followers, all but my pettie Broker, heele shift for
him selfe.

Rho. Well, let vs alone for your followers. *Exeunt.*

D'ol. Well said, deserue and spie out. *Manet D'oline.*

Amb. Me thanke your Lordship.

D'ol. Heauen I beseech thee, what an abhominable sort of
Followers

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Followers haue I put vpon mee : These Courtiers seed on'am with my countenance : I can not looke into the Cittie, but one or other makes tender of his good partes to me, either his Language, his Trauaile, his Intelligence, or something : Gentlemen send me their younger Sonnes furnisht in compleat, to learne fashions for-sooth : as if the riding of five hundred miles, & spending 1000. Crownes would make'am wiser then God meant to make'am. Others with-child with the traauailing humor, as if an Assie for going to *Paris*, could come home a Courser of *Naples* : Others are possesst with the humor of Gallantrie, fancie it to be the onelie happinesse in this world, to be enabled by such a coolor to carrie a Feather in his Crest, weare Gold-lace, gillt Spurs, & so sets his fortunes ont : Turnes two or three Tenements into Trunckes, and creepes home againe with lesse then a Snayle, not a House to hide his head in : Three hundred of these Gold-finches I haue entertained for my Followers ; I can go in no corner, but I meete with some of my Wifflers in their accoutraments ; you may heare'am halfe a mile ere they come at you, and smell'am halfe an hower after they are past you ; sixe or seauen make a perfect Morrice-daunce ; they need no Bells, their Spurs serue their turne : I am ashamd to traîne'am abroad, they say I carrie a whole Forrest of Feathers with mee, and I should plod afore'am in plaine stufte, like a writing Schole-maister before his Boyes when they goe a feasting : I am afraid of nothing, but I shall be Ballated, I and all my Wifflers : But its no matter, Ile fashion'am, Ile shew'am fashions : By heauen Ile giue three parts of'am the slip, let'am looke fort ; and yet to say truth, I shall not need, for if I can but finger my Iorney another moneth, I am sure I shall mite halfe my Feathers ; I feele'am begin to weare thinne already : There's not tenne Crownes in twentie a their purses : And by this light, I was told at Court, that my greasie Host of the Porcupine last Holiday, was got vp to the eares in one of my Followers Satten suites : And *Vandome* went so farre, that he swore he saw two of them hangd : My selfe indeed passing yesterday by the *Fripperie*, spide two of them hang out at a stall with a gambrell thrust from shoulder to shoulder, like a

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

Sheepe that were new head : Tis not for nothing that this
Pettie Broker followes me : The Vulture smells a pray, not the
Carcaſes, but the Caſes of ſome of my deceaſed Followers ;
S'lighr, I thinke it were my wiſeſt courſe, to put tenne poundes
in ſtocke with him, and turne pettie Broker ; certaineſie there's
good to be done vpon't ; if we be but a day or two out of towne
hee'l be able to load euerie day a freſh Horſe with Satten ſuites,
and ſend them backe hither : indeed tis like to be hot trauaile,
and therefore t'wilbe an eaſe to my Followers to haue their
cloathes at home afore'am ; Theyle on, get off how they can :
Little know they what Pikes their Feathers muſt paſſe : Before
they goe the Sergeants, when they come home the Surgeons ;
but chuſe them, Ile waſh my hands ou'am. *Exit.*

FINIS ACTVS TERTII.

ACTVS QVARTI. *Sanaprima.*

Vandome ſolus.

MY Siſters Exequies are now performed
VVith ſuch pompe as expreſſe the excellence
Of her Lords loue to her : And ſirde the enuie
Of our great Duke, who would haue no man equall
The honour he does t'his adored wiſe :
And now the Earle (as he hath promitt mee)
Is in this ſad Cell of my honord Miſtreſſe,
Vrging my loue to faire *Euryone*,
VWhich I framde, onely to bring him abroad,
And (if it might ſucceed) make his affectes
VVith change of obiectes, change his helples ſorrow
To helpfull loue. I ſtood where I obſerud
Their wordes and lookes, and all that paſt betwixt them ;
And ſhee hath with ſuch cunning borne her ſelfe,
In ſiting his affection, with pretending
Her mortified deſires : her onely loue
To Vertue and her louers ; and, in brieſe,

Hath

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Hath figur'd with such life my deare dead Sister,
 Enchasing all this, with her heightened Beautie,
 That I beleue she hath entangld him,
 And wonn successe to our industrious plot.
 If he be toucht, I know it greimes his soule,
 That hauing vnderstane to speake for mee,
 (imagining my loue was as I fainde)
 His owne loue to her, should enforce his tongue
 To court her for himselfe, and decaue mee:
 By this time, we haue tried his passionate blood:
 If he be caught (as heauen vouchsafe he be)
 Ile play a little with his Phantasie.

Enter St. Anne.

S. Anne. Am I alone? Is there no Eye nor Eare
 That doth obserue mee? Heauen how haue I graspt,
 My Spirits in my hart, that would haue burst
 To giue wisht issue to any violent loue?
 Dead Wife excuse me, since I loue thee still,
 That liu'st in her, whom I must loue for thee:
 For he that is not mou'd with strongest passion
 In viewing her; that man did ne're know thee:
 Shee's thy suruiuing Image: But woo's mee!
 Why am I thus transported past my selfe?

Van. Oh, are your dull vxorious spirits rais'd?
 One madnesse doth beget another still.

St. Anne. But stay, Adulse mee Soule; why didst thou light me
 ouer this threshold? was't to wrong my Brother?
 To wrong my Wife, in wronging of my Brother?
 Ile die a miserable man: No villane:
 Yet in this case of loue, who is my Brother?
 Who is my Father? Who is any kin?
 I care not, I am nearest to my selfe:
 I will pursue my Passion; I will haue her.

Van. Traytor, I heere arrest thee in the names
 Of Heauen, and Earth, and deepest *Achiron*:
 Loues traytor, Brothers; traytor to thy Wife.

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S. Anne. O Brother, stood you so neare my dishonour?
Had you forborne awhile, all had been changd;
You know the variable thoughts of Loue,
You know the vse of Honour, that will euer
Retire into it selfe; and my iust blood
Shall rather flow with Honour then with Loue:
Be you a happie Louer, I a friend,
For I will die for loue of her and thee.

Vand. My Lord and brother, Ile not challenge more,
In loue and kindnes then my loue deserves,
That you haue found one whom your hart can like:
And that One, whom we all sought to preferre,
To make you happie in a life renewde:
It is a heauen to mee, by how much more
My hart imbrac't you for my Sisters loue:
Tis true, I did dissemble loue *Euryone*,
To make you happie in her deare affection,
Who more dotes on you, then you can on her;
Enioy *Euryone*, thee is your owne,
The same that euer my deare Sister was:
And heauen bleffe both your loues as I release
All my faind loue, and interest to you.

S. Anne. How Noblie hath your loue deluded mee?
How iustlie haue you beene vniust to mee?
Let mee embrace the Oracle of my good,
The Authour and the Patron of my life.

Vand. Tush, betwixt vs my Lord, what need these tearmes?
As if we knew not one another yet?
Make speed my Lord, and make your Nuptials short,
As they are sodaine blest in your desires.

S. Anne. Oh I wish nothing more then lightning hast.

Van. Stay, one word first my Lord; You are a sweet brother
To put in trust, and woo loue for another?

S. Anne. Pray thee no more of that.

Vand. Well then be gone,
my Lord, her brother comes.

Exit S. Anne.

Enter Vauus.

Vauus. Most happie Friend,

How

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How hath our plot succeeded?

Und. Hee's our owne.

His blood was framde for euerie shade of vertue;

To rauish into true inamourate fire;

The Funerall of my Sister must be held

With all solemnitie, and then his Nuptialls,

With no lesse speed and pompe be celebrate.

Fam. What wonders hath your fortunate spirite & vertues
Wrought to our comforts? Could you crowne th'enchantments
Of your diuine Witte with another Spell,
Of powre to bring my Wife out of her Cell,
You should be our quicke *Herma*, our *Alcida*.

Und. Thats my next labour: come my Lord, your selfe
Shall stand vnsene, and see by next morns light
(Which is her Beddtime) how my Braines-bould valoure
Will rouse her from her vowe seueritie:
No Will, nor Powre, can withstand Pollicie. *Exit.*

Enter D'olive, Pacque, Dig.

D'ol. Welcome little Witts, are you hee my Page *Pacque* here
Makes choice of, to be his fellow Coch-horse?

Dig. I am my Lord.

D'ol. What Countrie man?

Dig. Borne ith Cittle.

Pac. But begor ith Court: I can tell your Lordship, he hath
had as good Court breeding, as anie Impe in a Countrie:
If your Lordship please to examine him in anie part of the
Court Accidence, from a Noun to an Interfection, Ile vader-
take you shall finde him sufficient.

D'ol. Saist thou so little Witt: Why then Sir, How manie
Pronounes be there?

Dig. Faith my Lord there are more, but I haue learned but
three sorts; the Goade, the Falham, and the Stop-kater-tree;
which are all demonstratiues, for heere they be: There are
Relatiues too, but they are nothing without their Antecedents.

D'ol. Well said, little Witt I'faith, How manie Antecedents
are there?

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Dig. Faith my Lord, their number is vncertaine ; but they that are, are either Squires, or Gentlemen vthers.

D'ol. Verie well said : when all is done, the Court is the onely Schoole of good education : especially for Pages and Waighting women ; *Paris*, or *Padua*, or the famous Schoole of England called *Winchester*, famous (I meane) for the Goose, Where Schollers weare Petticoates so long, till their Penn and Inckhorn knocke against their knees : All these I say, are but Belfries to the Bodie or Schoole of the Court : Hee that would haue his Sonne proceed Doctor in three dayes, let him sende him thither ; there's the Forge to fashion all the parts of them : There they shall learne the true vse of their good Partes indeed.

Pac. Well my Lord, you haue said well for the Court, What sayes your Lordshippe now to vs Courtiers, Shall we goe the voyage?

D'ol. My little *Hermaphrodites*, I entertaine you heere into my Chamber; and if need be, nearer : your seruice you know. I will not promise Mountaines, nor assure you Annuities of fourtie or fiftie Crownes; in a word, I will promise nothing : but I will be your good Lord, do you not doubt.

Dig. We do not my Lord, but are sure you will shew your selfe Noble : and as you promise vs nothing, so you will Honorably keepe promise with vs, and giue vs nothing.

D'ol. Prettie litle Warr, y'faith ; Can he verse?

Pac. I and sett too, my Lord ; Hee's both a Setter and a Verser.

D'ol. Prettie in faith ; but I meane, has he a vaine Naturall?

Pac. O my Lord, it comes from him as caslie,

Dig. As Suites from a Courtier, without money : or money from a Cittizen without securitie, my Lord.

D'ol. Well, I perceiue nature has suited your Witts ; & He suite you in Guarded coates, answerable to your Witts : for Witt's as futable to guarded Coates, as Wisedome is to welred Gownes. My other Followers Horse themselves ; my selfe will horse you. And now tell me (for I will take you into my bosome) What's the opinion of the many headed Best touching my new adition.

of

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

of Honour?

Dig. Some thinke, my Lord, it hath given you addition of pride, and outercuidance.

Dol. They are decea'd that thinke so; I must confesse, it would make a Foole prouder; but for me, I am *semper idem*.

Pac. We beleeue your Lordship.

Dol. I finde no alteration in my selfe in the world, for I am sure I am no wiser then I was, when I was no Lord, nor no more bountifull, nor no more honest; onely in respect of my state, I assume a kinde of State; to receiue Suters now, with the Nodd of Nobilitie; not (as before) with the Cappe of courtserie; the knee of Knighthood; And why knee of Knighthood, little Witte? there's another Question for your Court Accidence.

Dig. Because Gentlemen, or Yoemen, or Peasantes, or so, receiue Knighthood on their knees.

Pac. The signification of the Knee of Knighthood in Heraldie an't please your Lordship, is, that Knights are tyed in honour to fight vp to the knees in blood, for the defence of faire Ladies.

Dol. Verie good; but if it be so, what honour doe they deserue, that purchase their Knighthood?

Dig. Purchase their Knighthood my Lord? Mary I thinke they come truely by't, for they pay well for't.

Dol. You cut mee off by the knees, little Witte; but I say, (if you will heare mee) that if they deserue to be Knighted, that purchase their Knighthood with fighting vp to the knee, What doe they deserue, that purchase their Knighthood with fighting above the knee?

Pac. Mary my Lord, I say the purchase is good; if the conueyance will hold water.

Dol. VVhy this is excellent: by heauen twentie poundes annuall shal not purchase you from my heeles, But soorth now: VVhat is the opinion of the world touching this new Honour of mine? Doe not Fobles enuie it?

Dig. No my Lord, but wise men wonder at it; you hauing so buried your wisdoms heretofore in Tangles, and Vaulting houses,

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houses, that the world could neuer discover you to be capable of Honour.

Dol. As though *Achilles* could hide himselfe vnder a Woman's clothes: was he not discovered at first? This Honor is like a Woman, or a Crocodile (chuse you whether) it flies them that follow it; and followes them that flie it: For my selfe, how euer my worth for the time kept his bedd; yet did I euer prophetic to my selfe that it would rise, before the Sun-set of my dayes: I did euer dreame, that this head was borne to beare a breadth, this shoulder to support a State, this face to looke bigg, this bodie to beare a presence, these feete were borne to be reuelers, and these Calues were borne to be Courtiers: In a word, I was borne Noble, and I will die Noble: neither shall my Nobilitie perish with death; after ages shall resounde the memorie thereof; while the Sunne sets in the East, or the Moone in the West.

Par. Or the Seuen-Starrs in the North.

Dol. The Siege of *Bullaine* shall be no more a landmark for Times: *Agencourt* Battaille, *S. James* his Fielde, the losse of Calice, & the winning of Cales, shal grow out of vs: Men shal reckon their yeares, Women their mariages, from the day of our Ambassage: As, I was borne, or married two, three, or foure yeares before the great Ambassage. Farmers shall count their Leases from this day, Gentlemen their Morgages from this day: *Saint Dennis* shall be rac't out of the Kalendar, and the day of our Enstallment enterd in redd letters: And as *St. Valentines* day is fortunate to choose Louers, *St. Lukes* to choose Husbandes: So shall this day be to the choosing of Lordes: It shall be a Critticall day, a day of Note: In that day it shall be good to quarrell, but not to fight: They that Marrie on that day, shall not repent; marie the morrow after perhappes they may: It shall be holome to beat a Sergeant on that day: Hee that eates Garlick on that morning, shall be a rancke Knaue till night.

Dig. What a day will this be if it hold?

Dol. Hold: & foster it shall hold, and shall be helde sacred to immortallitie: let all the Chroniclers, Ballet makers, and

Almanacke

MONSEVER DOLIVE.

Almanackmungers, do what they dare.

Enter Rhoderique.

Rhod. S'foote (my Lord) al's dastit, your voyage is over-throwne.

D'ol. What ayles the franticke Tro?

Rhod. The Lady is entpomb'd; that was the Subiect of your Ambassage: and your Ambassage is beraid.

Pac. Dido is dead, and wrapt in lead.

Di. O heauy herse!

Pac. Your Lordships honor must waite vpon her.

Dig. O scurvy verse! Your Lordship's welcome home: pray let's walke your horse my Lord.

D'ol. A prettie gullery. Why my little wits, doe you belecue this to be true?

Pac. For my part my Lord, I am of opinion you are guld.

Dig. And I am of opinion that I am partly guiltie of the same.

Enter Muge.

Muge. Where's this Lord foole here? S'light you haue made a prettie peece of seruice an't: raised vp all the countrey in gold lace and feathers; and now with your long stay, there's no employment for them.

D'ol. Good still.

Mug. S'light I euer tooke thee to be a hammer of the right feather: but I durst hane layed my life, no man could euer haue cram'd such a Gudgeon as this downe the throate of thee: To create thee a Christmas Lord, and make thee laughter for the whole Court: I am ashamde of my selfe that euer I chus'de such a Grosseblocke to whet my wits on.

D'ol. Good wit yfaith.

I know all this is but a gullery now: But since you haue presumde to go thus farre with me, come what can come to the State, sincke or swimme, Ile be no more a father to it, nor the Duke; nor for the world wade one halfe steppe further in the action.

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

Fac. But now your Lordship is gone, what shall become of your followers?

D'ol. Followers? let them follow the Court as I haue done: there let them raise their fortunes: if not, they know the way to the petty Brokers, there let them shift and hang. *Exit cum suis.*

Rhod. Here we may strike the *Plaudite* to our Play, my Lord foole's gone: all our audience will forsake vs.

Mug. Page, after, and call him againe.

Rhod. Let him go: He take vp some other foole for the Duke to employ: euery Ordinary affords fooles enow: and didst not see a paire of Gallants sit not far hence like a couple of Bough-pots to make the roome smell?

Mug. Yes, they are gone: But what of them?

Rhod. He presse them to the Court: or if neede be, our Muse is not so barren, but she is able to deuise one tricke or other to retire *D'oline* to Court againe.

Mug. Indeed thou toldst me how gloriously he apprehended the fauour of a great Lady ith Presence, whose hart (he said) stood a tipto in her eye to looke at him.

Rhod. Tis well remembered.

Mug. O, a Loue-letter from that Ladie would retriue him as sure as death.

Rhod. It would of mine honor: Weele saine one from her instantly: Page, fetch pen and inke here. *Exit Page.*

Mug. Now do you & your Muse engender: my barren skonce shall prompt something.

Rhod. Soft then: The Lady *Ieronime*, who I said viewed him so in the Presence, is the Venus that must enamour him: Weele go no further for that. But in what likeness must he come to the Court to her now? As a Lord he may not: in any other shape he will not.

Mug. Then let him come in his owne shape like a gull.

Rhod. Well, disguise he shall be: That shall be his mistresses direction: this shall be my Helicon: and from this quiver will I draw the shaft that shall wound him.

Mug. Come on: how wilt thou begin?

Rhod. Faith thus: Dearely Beloued.

Mug. Ware ho, that's prophane.

Rhod.

MONSEVER DOLIVE

Rhod. Goto then : Diuine D'otline : I am sure that's not prophane.

Mug. Well, forward.

Rhod. I see in the powre of thy beauties.

Mug. Breake of your period, and say, I was with a sigh.

Rhod. Content : here's a full pricke stands for a teare too.

Mug. So, now take my braine.

Rhod. Poure it on.

Mug. I talke like a foole, but alas thou art wise and silent.

Rhod. Excellent : And the more wise, the more silent.

Mug. That's something common.

Rhod. So should his mistris be.

Mug. That's true indeed : Who breakes way next?

Rhod. That will I fir : But alas, why art not thou noble, that thou mightst match me in Blood?

Mug. Ile answer that for her.

Rhod. Come on.

Mug. But thou art noble , though not by birth , yet by creation.

Rhod. Thats not amisse: forth now : Thy wit proues thee to be a Lord, thy presence shoues it : O that word Presence, has cost me deare.

Mug. Well said, because she saw him ith Presence.

Rhod. O do but say thou lou'st me.

Mug. Soft, there's too many OOs.

Rhod. Not a whit : O's but the next doore to P. And his mistris may vse her O with with modestie: or if thou wilt, Ile stop with another brachish teare.

Mug. No, no, let it runne on,

Rhod. O do but say thou lou'st me , and yet do not neither, and yet do.

Mug. Well said, let that last stand , let him doe in any case: now say thus, do not appeare at Court.

Rhod. So.

Mug. At least in my companie.

Rhod. Well.

Mug. At lest before folkes.

Rhod. Why so?

MONSEYER D'OLIVE.

Mug. For the flame will breake forth.

Rhod. Go on: thou doest well.

Mug. Where there is fire ith harth:

Rhod. What then?

Mug. There will be smoke ith chimney.

Rhod. Forth.

Mug. Warme, but burne me not: theres reason in all things.

Rhod. Well said, now doe I vie it: Come to my chamber betwixt two and three.

Mug. A very good number.

Rho. But walk not vnder my window: if thou doest, come disguise: in any case weare not thy rust taffeta cloke: if thou doest, thou killest me.

Mug. Well said, now to the *L'envoye*.

Rhod. Thine, if I were worth ought; and yet such, as it skills not whose I am if I be thine; *Ieronime*: Now for a fit Pandar to transport it, and haue at him. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTVS QVINTI Scæna prima.

Enter Vanmont, and Vandome.

Vand.

Come my good Lord, now will I trie my Braine,
If it can forge another golden chaine,
To draw the poore Recluse, my honord mistris
From her darke Cell, and superstitious vow.
I oft haue heard there is a kind of cure
To fright a lingering Feuer from a man
By an imaginous feare, which may be true,
For one heate (all know) doth driue out another,
One passion doth expell another still,
And therefore I will vse a fainde deuice
To kindle furie in her frozen Breast,
That rage may fire out grieve, and so restore her
To her most sociable selfe againe.

Van.

MONSEYER D'OLIVE.

Van. *Inno Lucina fer opem,*
And ease my labouring house of such a care.

Vand. Marke but my Midwifery: the day is now
Some three houres old, and now her night begins:
Stand close my Lord, if she and her sad meany
Be toward sleepe, for sleeping, I will wake them
With orderly alarmes; Page? Boy? sister?
All too long-tied? all asleepe? page? sister?

Van. Alas *Kandome*, do not disturbe their rest
For pittie sake, tis yong night yet with them.

Vand. My Lord, your onely way to deale with women
And Parrets, is to keepe them waking still.
Page? who's about? are you all dead here?

Dig. S'light is hell broke loose? who's there?

Vand. A friend.

He looks out
with a light.

Dig. Then know this Castle is the house of wo,
Here harbor none but two distressed Ladies
Condemn'd to darknesse, and this is their iayle,
And I the Giant set to guard the same:
My name is *Dildo*. *Retrahit se.*

Vand. Sirra leaue your rogerie, and hearken to me: what
Page, I say.

Dig. Tempt not disasters: take thy life: Be gone.

Van. An excellent villanie.

*Redit cum lu-
mine.*

Vand. Sirra? I haue businesse of waight to impart to your
Ladie.

Dig. If your businesse be of waight, let it waite till the after
noone, for by that time my Ladie will be deliuered of her first
sleepe: Be gone, for feare of watery meteors.

Vand. Go to sir, leaue your villany, and dispatch this newes to
your Ladie.

Dig. Is your businesse from your selfe, or from some body
besides?

Vand. From no body besides my selfe.

Dig. Very good: then Ile tel her, here's one besides himselfe
has businesse to her from no body. *Retrahit se.*

Van. A perfect yong hempttring.

Van. Peace: least he ouerheare you.

Redit Dig.

Dig.

MONSEVER DOLIVE,

Dig. You are not the Constable fir, are you?

Vand. Will you dispatch fir? you know me well enough, I am *Vandome.*

Eury. Whats the matter? who's there? Brother *Vandome.*

Vand. Sister?

Eury. What tempest driues you hither at such an hower?

Vand. VVhy I hope you are not going to bed; I see you are not yet vnready: if euer you will deserue my loue, let it be now, by calling forth my mistris, I haue newes for her, that touch her nearely.

Eury. VVhat ist good brother?

Van. The worst of ils: would any tongue but mine had bene the messenger.

Mar. VVhats that seruant?

Van. O Mistris come downe with all speed possible, and leaue that mournfull cell of yours, Ile shew you another place worthy of your mourning.

Mar. Speake man, my heart is armed with a mourning habit off such prooffe, that there is none greater without it, to pierce it.

Vand. If you please to come downe, Ile impart what I know: if not, Ile leaue you.

Eury. VVhy stand you so at gaze sister? go downe to him.

Stay bother, she comes to you.

Vand. T will take I doubt not, though her selfe be ice, Theres one with her all fire, and to her spirit I must apply my counterfeit deuce: Stand close my Lord.

Van. I warrant you, proceed.

Vand. Come silly mistris, wheres your worthy Lord? I know you know not, but too well I know.

Mar. Now heauen graunt all be well.

Vand. How can it be?

VVhile you poore Turtle sit and mourne at home,
Mewd in your cage, your mate he flies abroad,
O heaueus who would haue thought him such a man?

Eury. Why what man brother? I belecue my speeches will proue true of him.

Vand. Fo wrong such a beautie, to prophane such vertue,
and

MONSEYER D'O LIVE.

and to proue disloyall.

Enry. Disloyall? nay nere gilde him ore with fine termes, Brother, he is a filthy Lord, and ever was, I did euer say so, I neuer knew any good athaire, I do but wonder how you made shift to loue him, or what you saw in him to entertaine but so much as a peece of a good thought on him.

Mar. Good sister forbear.

Enry. Tush sister, bid me not forbear: a woman may beare, and beare, and be neuer the better thought on neither: I would you had neuer seene the eyes of him, for I know he neuer lou'd you in's life.

Mar. You wrong him sister, I am sure he lou'd me As I lou'd him, and happie I had bene Had I then diide, and shund this haplesse life.

Enry. Nay let him die, and all such as as he is, he lay a catter-walling not long since: O if it had bene the will of heauen, what a deare blessing had the world had in his riddance?

Vand. But had the lecher none to single out For object of his light lasciuious blood, But my poore cosin that attends the Dutchesse, *Lady Ierasmine?*

Enry. What, that blaberslipt blouser?

Vand. Nay no blouse, sister, though I must confesse She comes farre short of your perfection.

Enry. Yes by my troth, if she were your cosin a thousand times, shees but a fallow freckld face peece when she is at the best.

Vand. Yet spare my cosin, sister, for my sake, She merits milder censure at your hands, And euer held your worth in noblest termes.

Enry. Faith the Gentlewoman is a sweete Gentlewoman of her selfe, I must needs giue her her due.

Vand. But for my Lord your husband, honor'd mistris, He made your beauties and your vertues too, But soyles to grace my cosins, had you seene His amorous letters, But my cosin presently will tellyou all, for she reiects his sute, yet I aduise her to make a shew she did not: But point to meet him when you might surprise him, and this is iust the houre.

Enry.

MONSEVER DOLIVE.

Eury. Gods my life sister, loose not this advantage, it will be a good Trumpe to lay in his way vpon any quarrell: Come, you shall go: S^t bodie will you suffer him to disgrace you in this sort? dispraise your beautie? And I do not think too, but he has bin as bold with your Honor, which about all earthly things should be dearest to a woman.

Vand. Next to her Beautie.

Eury. True, next to her beautie: and I doe not thinke sister, but hee deuise th' flanders against you, euen in that high kinde.

Vand. Infinite, infinite.

Eury. And I beleuee I take part with her too: would I knew that ysaith.

Vand. Make your account, your share's as deepe as hers: when you see my cosin, sheele tell you all: weeke to her presently.

Eury. Has she told you, she would tell vs?

Vand. Assurde me, on her oath.

Eury. S^t light I would but know what he can say: I pray you brother tell me.

Vand. To what end? twill but stirre your patience.

Eury. No I protest: when I know my cariage to be such, as no staine can obscure, his flanders shall neuer moue me, yet would I faine know what he faimes.

Vand. It fits no me to play the gossips part: weeke to my cosin, sheele relate all.

Eury. S^t light what can she say? pray let's haue a taste an't onward.

Vand. What can he not say, who being drunke with lust, and forgett'g with desire of change, regards not what he sayes: and briefly I will tell you thus much now; Let my melancholy Lady (sayes he) hold on this course till she waste her selfe, and consume my reueneue in Tapers, yet this is certaine, that as long as she has that sister of hers at her elbow.

Eury. Me? why me? I bid defiance to his foule throat.

Vand. Hold there *Kandome*, now it begins to take.

Eury. What can his yellow ieaousie sumise against me? if you loue me, let me heare it: I protest it shall not moue me.

Vand.

MONSEVER DOLIVE.

Vand. Marry forsooth, you are the shooping horne, he sayes, to draw on, to draw on sister.

Eury. The shooping horne with a vengeance? what's his meaning in that?

Vand. Nay I haue done, my cosin shall tell the rest: come shall we go?

Eury. Go? by heauen you bid me to a banquet: sister, resolute your selfe, for you shall go; loose no more time, for you shall abroad on my life: his licorice chaps are walking by this time: but for heauens sweete hope what meanes he by that shooping horne? As I liue it shall not moue me.

Vand. Tell me but this, did you euer breake betwixt my mistress and your sister here, and a certaine Lord ith Court?

Eury. How? breake?

Vand. Go to, you vnderstand me: haue not you a Petrarch in Italian?

Eury. Petrarch? yes, what of that?

Vand. Well, he sayes you can your good, you may be waiting womã to any dame in Europe: that Petrarch does good offices.

Eury. Marry hang him, good offices? S foot how vnderstands he that?

Vand. As when any Lady is in priuate courtship with this or that gallant, your Petrarch helpes to entertaine time: you vnderstand his meaning?

Eury. Sister if you resolute to go, so it is: for by heauen your stay shall be no barre to me, Ile go, that's infallible; it had bene as good he had slandered the diuell: shooping horne? O that I were a man for's sake.

Vand. But to abuse your person and your beautie too: a grace wherein this part of the world is happie: but I shall offend too much.

Eury. Not me, it shall neuer moue me.

Vand. But to say, ye had a dull eye, a sharpe nose (the visible markes of a shrow) a drie hand, which is a signe of a bad liuer, as he said you were, being toward a husband too: this was intolerable.

Vand. This strikes it vp to the head.

Vand. Indeed he said you dress your head in a pretie strange
H fashion,

MONSEVER D'OLIVE.

fashion: but you would dresse your husbands head in a far stranger; meaning the Count of saint Anne I thinke.

Eury. Gods precious, did he touch mine honor with him?

Van. Faith nothing but that he weares blacke, and sayes tis his mistris colours: and yet he protests that in his eye your face shewes well enough by candle light, for the Count neuer saw it otherwise, vnlesse twere vnder a maske, which indeed he sayes becomes you about all things.

Eury. Come Page, go along with me, Ile stay for no body: Tis at your cosins chamber, is it not?

Van. Marry is it, there you shall find him at it.

Eury. That's enough: let my sister go waste his reuenew in tapers, twill be her owne another day.

Mar. Good sister, seruant, if euer there were any loue or respect to me in you both.

Eury. Sister? there is no loue, nor respect, nor any coniuration, shall stay me: and yet by my part in heaven, Ile not be moued a whit with him: you may retire your selfe to your old cell, and there waste your eyes in teares, your heart in sighes, Ile away certaine.

Van. But soft, let's agree first what course we shal take when we take him.

Eury. Marry euen raise the streetes on him, and bring him forth with a flocke of boyes about him, to whoote at him.

Van. No, that were too great a dishonor: Ile put him out on's paine presently.

Striking ensem.

Pag. Nay good sir spare his life, cut of the offending part, and saue the Count.

Mar. Is there no remedie? must I breake my vow?

Stay Ile abroad, though with another aime

Not to procure, but to preuent his shame.

Van. Go Page, march on, you know my cosins chamber,

My company may wrong you, I will crosse

The nearer way, and set the house afore you:

But sister see you be not mou'd for Gods sake.

Eury. Not I by heauen: Come sister, be not moued,

But if you spare him, may heauen nere spare you.

Exeunt man.

Van. So now the solemne votary is reuin'd.

Van. & Van.

Van.

MONSIEUR DOLIVE.

Vau. Pray heaven you have not gone a step too farre,
And raise more sprites, then you can coniure downe.

Vand. No my Lord, no, r' Herculean labor's past.
The vow is broke, which was the end we sweat for.
The reconciliation will meet of it selfe:
Come lets to Court, and watch the Ladies chamber,
Where they are gone with hopefull spleene to see you.

*Enter Roderique, Mugeron, D'olive in disguise towards
the Ladies chamber.*

Rhod. See *Mugeron*, our counterfeit letter hath taken: who's
yonder think' st?

Mug. 'Tis not *Dolive*:

Rhod. Ift be not he, I am sure hee's not farre off:
Those be his tressels that support the motion.

Mug. 'Tis he by heauen, wrapt in his carelesse cloke:
See the Duke enters: Let him enjoy the benefite of the Inchan-
ted Ring, and stand a while invisable: at our best oportunitie
weele discover him to the Duke.

*Enter Duke, Dutchesse, Saint Anne, Vaumont, Vandome,
to them Digne, whispering Vandome in the eare,
and speaks as on the other side.*

Dig. Monsieur *Vandome*, yonders no Lord to be found: my
Ladie staves at hand and craues your speech.

Vand. Tell her she mistook the place, and conduct her hither:
How will she looke when she findes her expectation mockt
now?

Exit Dig.

Vaum. What's that, *Vandome*?

Vand. Your wife and sifter are comming hither, hoping to
take you and my cofin together.

Vau. Alas, how shall we appease them, when they see them-
selues so deluded?

Van. Let me alone, and stand you off my Lord:

Enter Mar. and Eurione.

Madame, y'are welcome to the Court: doe you see your Lord
yonder?

MONSEVER BELIVE.

yonder? I haue made him happie by training you forth: In a word, all I said was but a traine to draw you from your vow: Nay, there's no going backe: Come forward and keepe your temper. Sister, cloud not you your forehead: yonder's a Sunne will cleare your beauties I am sure. Now you see the shooing-horne is expounded: all was but a shooing-horne to draw you hither: now shew your selues women, and say nothing.

Phil. Let him alone awhile *Vandome*: who's there? what whisper you?

Vand. Youe done? come forward:
See here my Lord, my honorable mistris,
And her faire sister, whom your Highnesse knowes
Could neuer be importunde from their vowes
By prayer, or the earnest suites of any friends,
Now hearing false report that your faire Dutchesse
Was dangerously sicke, to visit her
Did that which no friend else could winne her to,
And brake her long kept vow with her repaire.

Duke. Madam you do me an exceeding honor,
In shewing this true kindnesse to my Dutchesse,
Which she with all her kindnesse will requite.

Vand. Now my good Lord, the motion you haue made, To
With such kind importunitie by your selfe,
And seconded with all perswasions

S. An.

On my poore part, for marriage of this Ladie,
Her selfe now comes to tell you she embraces,
And (with that promise made me) I present her.

Enry. Sister, we must forgive him.

S. An. Matchlesse Ladie,

Your beauties and your vertues haue archieu'd
An action that I thought impossible,
For all the sweete attractions of your sex,
In your conditions, so to life resembling
The grace and fashion of my other wife:
You haue reuiu'd her to my louing thoughts,
And all the honors I haue done to her,
Shall be continue (with increase) to you.

Mug.

MONSIEUR D'OLIVE.

Mug. Now let's discover our Ambassador, my Lord, *med on*
D'ol. Do so: *Exeunt D'olive.*

Mug. My Lord? my Lord Ambassador?

D'ol. My Lord foole, am I not?

Mug. Go to, you are he: you cannot cloke your Lordshippe
 from our knowledge.

Rho. Come, come: could *Acchilles* hide himselfe vnder a wo-
 mans clothes? Greatnesse will shine through clouds of any dis-
 guise.

Phil. Who's that *Roderique*?

Rho. *Monsieur D'olive*, my Lord, *Rho* his disguise,
 with what minde we know not.

Mug. Neuer stinke to be gone fir: my Lord, his habite ex-
 pounds his heart: were good he were searcht.

D'olive. Well rookes wel, Ile be no longer a blocke to whet
 your dull wits on: My Lord, my Lord, you wrong not your selfe
 onely, but your whole state, to suffer such views as these to gather
 head in your Court; neuer looke to haue any action for to your
 honor, when you suffer such earewigs to creepe into your eares
 thus.

Phil. What's the matter *Roderique*?

Rho. Alas my Lord, only the lightnesse of his braine, because
 his hopes are lost.

Mug. For our parts, we haue bene trustie and secret to him
 in the whole manage of his ambassage.

D'ol. Trustie? a plague on you both, there's as much trust in
 a common whore as in one of you: and as for secrecy, there's no
 more in you then in a profest Scriuener.

Vand. Why a Scriuener, *Monsieur D'olive*?

D'ol. Marry fir a man cannot trust him with borrowing so
 much as poore fortie shillings, but he will haue it knowne to all
 men by these presents.

Vand. Thats true indeed, but you employed these gentlemen
 very safely.

D'olive. Employed? I mary fir, they were the men that first
 kindled this humor of employment in me: a pox of employment
 I say: it has cost me, but what it has cost me, it skils not: they
 haue thrust vpon me a crew of thredbare, vnbutton'd fellows,

MONSEVER D'OLIVE

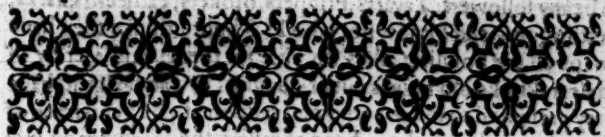
to be my followers: Taylers, Frippers, Brokers, casheerd Clarks, Pettifoggers, and I know not who I: Slight I thinke they haue swept all the bowling allies ith. citie for them: and a crew of these, rakt like old ragges out of dunghills by candle light, haue they presented to me in very good fashion; to be gentlemen of my traine, and solde them hope of raising their fortunes by me: A plague on that phrase, Raising of fortunes, it has vndone more men then ten dicing houles: Raise their fortunes with a vengeance? And aman will play the foole and be a Lord, or be a foole and play the Lord, he shall be sure to want no followers, so there be hope to raise their fortunes. A burning feuer light on you, and all such followers. S'foote they say followers are but shadowes, that follow their Lords no longer then the sun shines on them: but I finde it not so: the sunne is set vpon my employment, and yet I cannot shake off my shadowes; my followers grow to my heeles like kibes, I cannot stir out of doores for am. And your grace haue any employment for followers, pray entertaine my companie: theyle spend their blood in your seruice, for they haue litle else to spend, you may soone raise their fortunes.

Phil. Well *Monsieur D'oline*, your forwardnesse
In this intended service, shall well know
What acceptation it hath wonne it selfe
In our kind thoughts: nor let this sodaine change
Discourage the designements you haue laid
For our States good: reserve your selfe I pray,
Till fitter times: meane time will I secure you
From all your followers: follow vs to Court.
And good my Lords, and you my honor'd Ladies,
Be all made happie in the worthy knowledge
Of this our worthy friend *Monsieur D'oline*.

Omnes. Good Monsieur D'oline.

Exhibit

Finis Actus quinti & ultimi.



A C T O R S.

Monfieur D'oline. Guequin the Dutcheffe.

Philip the Duke. Hieronime Ladie.

S. Anne Count. Marcellina Counteffe.

Vaumont Count. Eurione her fister.

Vandome.

Rhodoricke.

Mugeron.

Pacque,

Dicque,

} two pages.

